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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Praise the Lord, God is Love and Nothing Else.

S. S. MARANO—C. TUTTILA—GEO. O. NAVIGATOR, or SONOAN GROUP, S. PACIFIC OCEAN, JUNE 1886.
[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

JUNE 7th, 1886.—We are 24 hours past Honolulu. Another stretch of a week, and we hope to enter the "Golden Gate," and put foot once more on Manasseh's soil. How the thought sets the blood bounding. May the dear LORD turn hope to fruition. We made Honolulu harbor on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. I was up early, to catch the first glimpse of the "desired haven." What a new meaning the Psalmist's words take on, when the reader is at sea. "Desired haven!" Aye, was it. We hungered for the land. About an hour before making port, on the "far board bow," looms up, what at first sight seems to be a lofty island, about the size of Ranzito, at the entrance of the Auckland Harbor. But as we near it we discover that it is depression is linked to a low-lying coast, that, in turn is joined to the highlands at its extreme right wing, and these as we steam along shore, mount higher and loom more boldly, until they attain an altitude of perhaps 4000 feet, with an exceedingly picturesque outline. Under the shadow of the loftiest of the range, and nesting at its foot, lies Honolulu embowered in the foliage of its thickly planted trees, and delighting the eye with its romantic surroundings.

The semi-circular harbor, at first seems an open roadstead, and would be, but for a coral reef that quite stretches across from headland to headland—forming the chord of the arc—says at a point, near the center, where a narrow passage, buoyed off, furnishes deep water. It needs skillful piloting to escape the jagged reefs on either side, over which the fierce "breakers" incessantly roll. It is a sight never to be forgotten—that long line of snowy, foam-crested billows dashing without intermission over this natural breakwater. And when one thinks of the immovable barrier that says to the proud waves—"Hither, but no further!"—being the work of tiny insects; each laborer in turn laying down its life to advance the common cause, until the completed structure is simply a hecatomb of self-devoted atomic bodies—the lesson is at once both impressive and oppressive.

We glide into the smooth water enclosed by these protecting arms of jagged coral. How delicious the sensation of rest. "No more sea"—for a few hours at least. It is a fore taste of heaven, in its way, for the "tempest tossed and not comforted." Slowly, the weary "Mararos" is warped into her restful "berth," and the tired engine takes its nobly earned repose of a few hours; to gather fresh vigor for the final dash over the appointed course.

The emancipated passengers rush on shore—almost "pell-mell"—and the Sabbath quiet of the almost deserted streets is broken by the rattle of numerous carriages, scattering quadriviums, with their delighted occupants. We settled it, before we landed, that we would make a Sabbath rest of it and not be tempted into sight-seeing. So we set out, to hunt up our own church. It was not easy to find, but by dint of inquiry, we at last came up with it—a mere temporary shed in a large enclosure, littered with debris, and the ground covered with dressed building stones, ready to take their place in the handsome Cathedral in course of erection. We heard the Bishop preach to a full congregation, and one of his clergy to a smaller assemblage; and I am bound to say the subaltern beat his commanding officer, out of, eight. Lawn shovels do not always confer the gift of utterance, for it is a gift, and the curate had what the diocesan had not. Scarcely have I heard a better discourse—every sentence clear, fresh, and crisp; or sweeter gospel—which is far better than that we heard in Honolulu, on the text, "Ever the Son of Man, who is in heaven," (John 3d.). The theme was:—Heaven is where Jesus is. I do not know the name of the curate, rector—or whatever he was—but I thank him for the "cup of cold water;" he gave that day to one thirsty soul, at least, that I know of. And I shall always think of him as a most "agreeable" person, i. e. Agreeable according to Earl Derby's definition, one who agrees with us.

We had the joy of the "Holy Communion" service too—always, since I gained fresh light upon its practical import, a service of increasing delight—and went back to our ship full of "joy in the LORD."

We called at 6 p. m. and our passengers dropped in, one after another, in good time. They all seemed as pleased with the Sandwich Islands as we were; some are quite jaded, though. The islanders are, seemingly, happy and contented lot. I saw no equal met no beggars, nor even

a care-worn face, among the many I scanned curiously.

The fashion of female dress is one, which if adopted universally, would I believe advance the average feminine life 5 years. It is a garment, not gathered up at the waist at all, but flowing free; and when of elegant material, and upon a graceful figure, one has no idea of its distinctive appearance. That it is comfortable—especially in a hot climate—is "gone without saying;" but I am satisfied that it has other than hygienic recommendations. The bodice admits of any amount of variety of style and ornamentation. The women ride on horseback astride, and do it gracefully too.

They are not handsome, as a rule, but the half-breeds are. Like the Eurasian of India, the hybrid islanders have a portly comeliness, superior to the pure nation. The tropical growths are exquisite. Honolulu is like a Botanical Garden. I could hardly get wife along, for stopping to a fair fresh floral beauty, in the various front lawns we passed on our way to church.

"Kalakaua I, King of Hawaii"—as we have it on his coin—resides in a handsome palace at Honolulu. He was not in the city, however, on Sunday, or we should have had him visiting the ship, as he often does, the monthly steamers. The coinage is silver—dollars, halves, quarters and dimes—and very prettily gotten up. The gold currency is that of the United States, as well as the ubiquitous and handy "nickel."

At length our cargo of—I don't know how many thousand bags of—sugar was stowed below; with hundreds of bunches of bananas, admirably wrapped in their own dried leaves and packed for fresh air—in a pen on the upper deck; and many bundles of the finest sugar cane I ever saw—all for "Frisco." Then we were ready for sea again. Once more we had a lovely evening, to sail out of harbor; and the enchanting view of the pretty city and its harmonious and romantic surroundings, can never fade from memory.

When night fell upon us, we were running rapidly down the coast—due Eastward—under a soft moonlight in her first quarter; with the north star on one hand and the "Southern cross"—dipping low, but shining bright and beautiful—on the other. A little further, and we rounded the extreme point of Oahu, turned prow to the N. E. and were off "as the crow flies" for our destination. Our noble steamer seemed to share in the enthusiastic wishes of her living freight, and breasted the swelling billows with a gallantry and courage most exhilarating to behold.

The wind blows all the year round, from one quarter, in this latitude, and Honolulu harbor is completely sheltered from that direction by the lofty hills back of it. Otherwise it would be well nigh impossible to enter the narrow and tortuous channel that admits to her port during the continuance of a Southern or Southwestern gale. But the gales all blowing from the N. E. As soon as the ship gets within the sheltering cover of the protecting hills, she at once strikes comparatively calm water and can enter without difficulty. But, good bye beautiful Honolulu! I am glad I saw you. I shall never forget you. Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 15, 1886.

I FIFTH STREET, cor. Market.

DEAR INTERIOR.—We have turned into our second month, and I am to "report progress" during the first. For it has been "progress," decidedly. When I think of how unknown to the San Francisco "world," and how unwelcome to "the Churches," our coming was, I am really astonished at the hold—however light—we already have upon the people. I gather from the fact of a growing interest, not only from what I see in my congregations nightly, but from the increasingly steady mention of our services in the daily press: those gentlemen of "Hypocrite's cylinder," being, from the very nature of their employment, close observers of the temper of the public they serve; and ever sitting, watch in hand, with nervous fingers, feeling for the pulse variations of that most changeable of patients the *hot polloi*.

We are in the new Hall now—the "Irving"—which holds over a 1,000 and in an excellent position for our purposes. And the lessee gives us its use for half-price—being favorably disposed. It is a remarkable how the dear LORD has given us the favor of Theatre and Hall lessees—the world around.

Our audiences nearly fill up the lower floor, with a sprinkling in the galleries. And they listen, as if for life. There has been a steady, healthy growth, in numbers, from the first. Our good friends—Dr. Charles Fox and his wife—have sustained the non-or of old Garrard, for generous hospitality. Nothing could exceed their delicate attentions to the Troupe Evangelique, for whom, may the good LORD bless them here and hereafter.

Blessings forever, also, on the head of good Dr. Fendleton, of the "Pilgrim Baptist church," who lent us his preaching place, when we had to relinquish the "Metropolitan Temple." Again, I marvel afresh, at the uniformity with which the Baptists have taken us up—again, the world around. God bless them. May they keep it up to the end of the chapter. For a week we found shelter in the pretty Hall of the "Pilgrim church." Then the way was unexpectedly opened into "Irving Hall," where we now are.

Midsummer Mad.

The silly young graduates who write A. B. after his name on the hotel register. The silly old maid with a fuzzy lap dog that she fondles and calls "her baby." The silly novice out fishing for the first time who takes hold of the crab by the wrong end.

The silly fellow in a short, tight bathing-suit who lolls and dawdles in the sand to show his shape.

The silly bore who thinks he knows everything and gets acquainted with people to talk them to death.

The silly nurse maid who wears Rhinestone ear-rings and gets herself up in cheap imitation of her mistress.

The silly snob who tries to impress strangers by talking familiarity of important people he doesn't know.

The silly widow who makes her evening toilet at her window on the ocean front without pulling down the blinds.

The silly father who makes a tremendous fuss over the baby and asks every one he meets if they've "seen his boy."

The silly Saratoga youth who doesn't know a soul in the hotel and drives out with a tandem team every afternoon for show.

The silly old married woman who wears short skirts and sashes and skips around the hotel porch like a girl of 16.

The silly hotel clerk, with a Cape May diamond pin, who supposes that all the hairdressers are enraptured with his beauty.

The silly ward politician who goes to Atlantic City to get on the good side of the big political bosses who are gathered there.

The silly shadow who goes out beyond the stake to show he's not afraid and has to be logged in like a soaked rat by the life-guard.

The silly girl at the seaside who plasters her complexion an inch thick with cosmetics and thinks nobody knows the difference.

The silly young man in business in the city who carries his racket in and out with him from suburban resorts to let people know that he plays tennis.

The silly fat woman, with proportions like a hippopotamus and dressed like a guy who insists on dancing in all the sets and thinks she is as graceful as a gazelle.

The silly old fellow of 49 who decks out his pudgy proportions in knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket and struts about under the impression that he is an Apollo. [Philadelphia Times.]

In Memory of the Moore Brothers, of Mt. Vernon, Ky.

'Twas the calm of a summer evening,
And the shadows of night were near,
When these brothers met death together,
With never a sign of fear.

The first to fall was the elder,
Clasped to his sister's breast,
Ere a single farewell was uttered
His spirit had flown to rest.

Ere the echoing shot resounded
From the encircling mountain chain,
Its mate took death to the other,
Who lingered awhile in pain.

And there in the arms of Jesus
He peacefully fell asleep,
To meet a mother waiting,
But left many here to weep.

Both were kind to the poor and needy,
And advocates strong of the right,
Devoted sons and brothers,
A home is robbed of its light.

And a happy young life is blighted
If the blow that so suddenly fell,
In your sorrow bereft ones remember
That God doeth all things well.

See Bathing Unfashionable

Fashion has its tides as well as the ocean. Once in a while stylish trousers are made as tight as a glove. Anon they look like collapsed balloons. One year women wear emphatic bustles; the next they let nature take its own course. As it is with dress, so it is with summer pastime. One season is fashionable to bathe in the ocean; then the decree goes forth that those who wish to act *en regle* shall keep out of the surf.

This year the tide is out on sea bathing, and those who are fashionable remain on the beach while the *polloi* rejoice as usual among the breakers. Perhaps it would be more appropriate to speak of the bathers as the *non-culottes*. At all events the fact remains that the "American aristocracy" (at which they say Jove laughs) is not this season bathing in public. Why, then, do men and women of fashion go to the seashore? Was it not the King of France who once marched up the hill and then marched down again? Our social celebrities go this year to the beach, took at the inviting waves which seem to buoyant and retreat against the fashionable boycott and return to the city lacking the brace derived from sea baths. To the winds with such nonsense! The man or woman who wants to take a dip in the surf this summer and refrain because "society" objects is unworthy the high name of American citizen.

The decrees of fashion are generally so senseless that any one who possessing individuality and character can seldom obey them.

Of recent mandate, that forbidding sea bathing is one of the most absurd. Our advice to any one who feels inclined to sacrifice comfort for style in this matter is: "Be not a seif, but enjoy the surf."

A remarkable story comes from Greenwood to the effect that Clem Bishop, a man seventy years old had been united in marriage to Ratta Boston, a child only seven years. The grand jury will look into the matter.

—Minister Cox is coming home from Turkey to run for Congress.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Mr. Theodore Curry is living seriously ill at his residence near town.

—Master Tommie Miller was an unfortunate as to fall while running and cut a large gash in his knee, which is quite painful and necessitates the use of an invalid's chair.

—A temperance mass meeting, at which Rev. Morris Evans officiated, was held at the Methodist church Sunday night. The house was packed with an appreciative audience.

—Rev. and Mrs. Morris Evans have returned from a trip over a portion of the State in the interest of their school, Garrard Female College. The prospects for a full attendance at this famous educational establishment this fall are very flattering.

—The Ladies' Christian Aid Society will give a Japanese lunch at the residence of Dr. O'Neal next Friday evening. The exercises will be different from the usual order of things and promises to be highly amusing. Proceeds to be devoted to religious purposes.

—Mr. Robert Irvine, who has a position with a wholesale millinery establishment in Louisville, is at home for a few weeks recuperating. Miss Hattie Marx, who has been the guest of Miss Mamie Olds for a week past, returned to her home in Danville Friday morning.

—Owley Ray was lying stretched out at full length on a bench, learning his Sunday-school lesson, when a companion rudely yanked him off, breaking his collar bone. This last accident is simply recorded as an item of news and not as a warning to other good little Sunday school boys.

—The blow out given by the colored Odd Fellows last Friday brought to town an enormous crowd of colored people, who, notwithstanding the hot weather, appeared to have a pleasant time. A brass band from Richmond and our own dispensers of harmony (?) made the air melodious with some inspiring melody. Everything passed off quietly and no arrests were made.

—Politics in Garrard are in a fix to be sure. In the race for jailer and county attorney all seems harmonious enough, but in the sheriff's contest things are mixed to a certainty and there is no telling what the result will be. All kinds of rumors are going the rounds, some of them to the effect that the democratic candidate has sold out; another that it is a fight between the two banks, the matter of deposits being the coveted plum. I give these rumors for what they are worth and it is my candid opinion that their value is very small. It is known to be a fact, however, that a good deal of scratching will be done by both parties.

—Lincoln Spore, white, and Calvin James, black, were hanged at Fort Smith, Ark., for murders in Indian Territory. Jo Jook took his last jump at Gallatin, Mo., also for murder.

In Memory of Secky.

A mutual friend, that is a friend of the mule, Mrs. Embury and ourselves, sends us the following touching lines on the death of the first named:

Old Beck is dead,
No more her tread
Will ever sound
On Embury's ground.

A disconsolate wife
Grieves through her life
Over the wreck
Of dear old Beck.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chittlains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Interesting Experiences.

Hiram Cameron, Furniture Dealer of Columbus, Ga., tells his experience thus: "For three years have tried every remedy on the market for Stomach and Kidney Disorders, but got no relief, until I used Electric Bitters. Took five bottles and am now cured, and think Electric Bitters the best Blood Purifier in the world." Major A. B. Reed, of West Liberty, Ky., used Electric Bitters for an old standing Kidney affection and says: "Nothing has ever done me so much good as Electric Bitters." Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, ex-Com. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner, Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. March's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50¢ a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. March's Cataplast, a Female Remedy, a cure Female Dis-eases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Stomach, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. R. March, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free.

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NOTICE.

I have one 2-year-old registered bull and one 2-year-old and several good yearlings, entitled to a register, for sale cheap. A. H. FEELAND, Stanford, Ky.

G. B. HARRIS, Ag't

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As Administrator with the will annexed of T. T. Davies, dec'd, I offer for sale privately the Store-House and Lot on Lancaster st., Stanford, Ky.

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EDWIN HARPER.

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Direct and close connections are made in UNION DEPOTS with diverging lines by the O. & M. Railway, thus avoiding troublesome transfers by other routes.

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Apply to ticket Agents of connecting lines for full particulars as to rates, time, maps, circulars or any desired information, or write to ROBERT H. FURMAN, TRAY, PAS. AGT. O. & M. RY. ST. LOUIS, MO. W. M. PEABODY, ST. LOUIS, MO. W. B. SHATTUCK, CINCINNATI, O.

JAMES B. MCCREARY

Is a Candidate for re-election to Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

H. K. TAYLOR,

OF LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate or the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic state Convention.

THOMAS Z. MORROW,

Of Pulaski county, is the Republican candidate for Judge in the 5th Judicial District. Election August 2d.

WILLIAM HERNDON,

Of Lancaster, is the Republican candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney in the 5th Judicial District. Election August 2d.

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MT. VERNON, KY.

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M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

I will deliver ice to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

One Cent Per Pound.

Account due at the close of each month, or when customer quits.

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Don't forget that it is headquarters for good butter. 134-4f

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